UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

What a Liberal Church Might Be - - - - - - - - - *Arthur L. Weatherly*

Mutual Aid or Mutual Destruction - - - - - - - - - - *David Jobman*

Walt Whitman: His Vital Place in Our Life Today - - - - - *Leonard B. Gray*

Editorial Writers as Hessians - *Victor S. Yarros*

TRUMPETS ON NEW HORIZONS
Edited by Lucia Trent

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The Field

Christian Council on Palestine

The Executive Committee of the recently formed Christian Council on Palestine adopted an eight-point program on June 18. Further information on the work of the Council can be secured from Dr. Carl Hermann Voss, Secretary, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. The Committee recommends:

1. That Christian churches all over America protest ceaselessly against the brutality practiced upon Jews by the Nazis;

2. That the United Nations make a solemn pledge to consider the plight of the Jews as a paramount issue in the peace settlement, so that this great people may be given the right to live in dignity and self-respect in whatever place on the face of the earth they may choose;

3. That America take the lead in helping to save millions of Jews from the horror created by the Nazi terror in Europe. We suggest that our government consider the possibility of utilizing the immigration quotas from all nations for 1943-44 by which a total of 310,000 visas may be issued, and that 100,000 of these be issued to an equal number of Jews now homeless and stateless in Europe. Further, to provide refuge in America by bringing them to this country in available American ships on their successive trips from abroad;

4. That earnest consideration be given to the facts recognized in the Balfour Declaration, which guaranteed the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, in view of the splendid progress already achieved and the remarkable possibilities for soil reclamation and the settlement of several million more people in that country.

5. That the doors of Palestine be opened at once to admit tens of thousands more of the persecuted Jewish people from war-torn Europe;

6. That plans be made now to place Palestine under an international mandate of the United Nations;

7. That an international commission, composed of competent Christian leaders, be sent to Palestine at an early date to study and analyze the problems of Jew and Arab and return with specific solutions to meet that issue in a spirit of wise and sympathetic statesmanship;

8. That provision be written into the peace treaty to make the outbreak of political anti-Semitism anywhere *prima facie* evidence of incitation to crime, and punishable as such under international law.—*World Alliance News Letter.*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIX OCTOBER, 1943 No. 8

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

In the original manuscript of the "Farewell Address," written in Washington's own hand, there is a paragraph crossed out, against which in the margin is written the note that this passage may seem to convey the idea of "distrust and vanity." The vanity of nations! Which of all the nations of the earth does not indulge constantly in loud and loathsome boasting? Nazi Germany is perhaps the most shameless offender, with its stream of disgusting talk about race superiority and what not. But this, in only less degree, is the practice of all other countries. Each acclaims itself the mightiest nation in the world, hails its people as the bravest and most efficient, shouts aloud of its victories (and never says a word about its defeats!), prates about the day of victory, and visits unmeasured insults and contumely upon its foes. There once was a time when individuals did this sort of thing as indecently as nations do it today. Thus, in the *Iliad,* when the doughty champions challenge their enemies to mortal combat, they make the welkin ring with their boastings of incomparable valor. With swollen chests and fiery eyes they revile their foes as unspeakable cravens and cowards, and, like screeching peacocks, shout of their own heroic virtues. To the modern reader this sort of thing sounds as childish as it is ignoble. It is impossible to imagine men like MacArthur, Eisenhower, Alexander, Montgomery and Rommel engaging in such empty vaporings as a prelude to battle. These gallant soldiers are above all things modest, and in victory and defeat alike are possessed of dignity. Yet the nations for which they fight, in their newspapers and radios and political discussions, are for all the world like the windy heroes of Homeric days. It would be well if our modern statesmen, like George Washington, asked themselves more often if their words conveyed the idea of "vanity." Especially when vanity is almost invariably linked with "distrust"! The Homeric brawlers roared as they did because fundamentally they were afraid. It was loud talk that helped to "screw their courage to the sticking point." So with the nations today. In this terrible modern world, we are all fearful of the dread hazards of life and death. And so we shout of how mighty we are, and thus by a process of self-hypnosis persuade ourselves madly of our own supremacy. One can detect this process in the orations of Hitler, which are nothing more nor less than a warming-up bout of boasting to keep himself and his people going. It is the quiet person who is usually the bravest, and modesty is invariably the garb of true greatness. So away with all these wild words of self-adulation! Let a nation talk as though it were sane—and lo, perhaps it may become sane.

II

There are great speeches being given to the world these days, but none of them all was greater than Pope Pius' address on September 1st last in appeal to the warring nations for peace. This speech was all the more impressive as coming directly after the speeches of President Roosevelt and Premier Churchill following the Quebec Conference, in which "threatenings and slaughter" were directed ruthlessly against the enemy. True to his exalted office as Vicar of Christ, and wise beyond all the statesmen of this world in his reading of destiny, Pius XII asked that fighting cease forthwith and the way of peace be found. In other words, like the pacifists of this country and England, the Pope is for "peace now" upon the basis of negotiations between the belligerents. It was amusing, and also tragic, to see the way in which the American press played down this great utterance of the Holy Father. Most of the papers simply ignored it altogether. They had not a word to say about a speech broadcast to all the world by one of the three or four most important men now living in this world. Other papers, like the New York *Times,* for example, too intelligent to ignore such an event, did their utmost to interpret the address as an attack upon Hitler and his refusal to surrender. It was of course nothing of the sort! There were passages excoriating wickedness and tyranny which inevitably applied to the

Nazis, as to the Japanese and other warring dynasties. But the speech itself was addressed straight to all the nations, and asked them all to cease their mutual destruction of mankind, and make peace for very pity of peoples everywhere. How could there be any honest mistaking of the Pope's intent? "In all nations," said his Holiness, "aversion is growing against the brutality of war." Then he referred to the "doubt" in the minds of peoples as to "whether continuation of such a war can be in accordance with national interest." How does this fit the Roosevelt-Churchill insistence on war to the bitter end? Then the Pope plead for a generous peace, declaring that "strength need have no fear of generosity." Match that with the Allied demand for "unconditional surrender"! "Do not disturb or impede the desire for peace," said the Pope, "by actions which, instead of encouraging confidence, rather inflame hatreds anew and strengthen determination to resist." If this papal speech was directed to any countries in especial, it was to the United Nations who now have the power to continue or to end this war. The Pope's voice was true to Christ. It should be heeded.

III

The collapse of Italy is a triumph for the Roosevelt-Churchill policy of "unconditional surrender." It has almost completely confounded the critics and opponents of this policy. We would not blame the two leaders of the Allied cause for chuckling mightily. But the triumph, be it noted, is purely and simply a military triumph. It helps in the winning of the war. What it can or will do to help in the winning of the peace has still to be shown. And it is against "unconditional surrender" as a measure of peace that most of the doubts and denials of recent months have been directed. Surely Italy is not a nation at peace. Rather is she an occupied country—occupied by the Germans in the north and by the United Nations in the south. Already this unhappy land is a battlefield in a war with which she has as little real concern as Holland, Denmark, or Norway. The war, in other words, apart from the military advantage of the debacle, remains just exactly where it was before. The issue is with Germany in Europe and with Japan in Asia, and with this issue lies the wisdom, or unwisdom, of the statesmanship of this hour. What is alone clear is the attitude of the Italian people—their joy at being rid of the Fascists and their Nazi allies, and their ardent longing for peace at any price. In the face of such an exhibition as this, what assurance is there that the Italian people were ever supporters of Mussolini, or ever endorsed his policies of war? It is evident now, as I believe it was evident at the beginning, that the Italians as a whole hated Fascism, and were bound in subjection to it not by their own loyalty but by a tyranny and terror imposed upon them which they were helpless to resist. Had the King, at the critical moment in 1922, appealed to his people to oppose the Milanese gangster and his blackshirts, they would have arisen almost to a man. But the King was either cowardly or wicked, and thus surrendered his subjects to bondage. Now, for the first time, the Italians have a chance to express themselves—and they hail the English and American troops as their deliverers! There can be no question as to their choice between the occupying armies in the south and those in the north! All of which has an enormous significance not only for Italy but for Germany as well. The Germans also are a people terrorized and enslaved. As little as the Italians are they guilty of the Nazi horror. Is this to be remembered or forgotten, recognized or ignored, in our further prosecution of this war?

IV

The "gas" situation in the Eastern states has been a scandal of the first order. It is generally agreed that government control has almost completely broken down. Only the release upon the public of thousands of inspectors and police has kept any semblance of order at all. "B" and "C" cards have been in circulation in amazing quantities. "A" cards have provided "gas" like the widow's cruse in the Old Testament. Pleasure driving has never effectually stopped. And the "black market" has everywhere flourished like the green bay tree. The situation has reminded one, for all the world, of the Prohibition era, when men revelled in illegal liquor the way they have now been revelling in illegal gasoline. Indeed, where did men get the training, the conscienceless abandon, in this disreputable business, if not in the days when it was smart to defy the Eighteenth Amendment and outwit the government by buying and drinking "booze." We bred up in that dreadful time a whole generation of lawless boys and girls who are now the mature citizens who do as they darned please with the "gas" shortage. And again the bootleggers flourish among us, only now they deal in petroleum products instead of alcoholic beverages. The horrid thought at this moment is that the newspapers, and business, and society, and all the rest, made it respectable twenty years ago to disobey the law and thus make it impossible to put a ban on "booze." To have your own bootlegger, and your private bar, and your hidden liquor supply, was quite the thing. And so successful were we that we turned public order into anarchy, made the law a joke, and, so far as this one Amendment was concerned, actually overthrew the Constitution. Now we are in the midst of a great war. Every drop of "gas"' that can be transported overseas is needed by MacArthur in Asia and by Eisenhower in Europe to win this war. The nation has been put under perfectly proper restrictions as regards the use of automobiles. Every patriotic instinct dictates compliance with these restrictions—a discipline as rigorous as the discipline of soldiers in the army! Yet it has been found impossible to enforce

the law. People will have their "gas," as formerly they would have their whiskey. The newspapers have been as quiet about this situation as formerly they were trumpet-tongued about the Prohibition situation. They recognize that it is a disgrace too terrible to be confessed at such an hour. But I submit that what is a disgrace today was a disgrace yesterday. Successful bootlegging, whether of liquor or of "gas," is a thing not to be tolerated. Yet it goes on, and will go on, until conscience comes alive.

V

The way God is being lugged into this war seems to me to be little short of disgraceful. I suppose that it is inevitable that men floating for days and weeks on little rafts in the midst of the great ocean, and surviving every exposure of heat and cold and storm, to say nothing of starvation and thirst, should come to feel that God had a direct hand in their rescue. God sent the fish and birds that were caught, and the rain to cool parched throats! All this is understandable and forgivable. But when a pilot of a bombing plane, in a book recently published, declares in his title that God was his "co-pilot," something like a limit of indecency has been reached. The author of this book is plainly a man of heroic stature. The critics, while gagging at the title, agree that he has written one of the best books to come out of the war. But he was sadly misled when he pictured God as sitting in the pilot's seat beside him, and sharing glory with him as he shoots down enemy machines and slaughters their crews. Yet instead of protesting, we should perhaps be glad that he has done this thing, for here, in utter nakedness, is presented the logic of the idea of God entering into war to help it through to victory. In the case of the pilot, God takes the sticks, and directs a plane as it rains down "a ghastly dew" from heaven—men hurled into the air and smashed like pulp upon the ground. Or he drops down bombs upon a sleeping city, and massacres thousands of innocent civilians. But if God is with the flyers, he must be with the infantry as well—which means that he takes bayonet in hand and drives its shining blade into the guts of some youngster on the other side. And of course, since he plays no favorites, God must ride the waves too, and sink ships and all they carry as a part of "each day's nearest duty." This is queer business for God to be in—and I for one don't believe that he is in it! I can't think of God that way. My theology, somehow or other, breaks down—just as my thought of Jesus stops when I am asked to clothe him in khaki and a helmet, and place him in the front-line trenches. This role may be the lot of human beings, who are weak, and sinful, and caught again and again in the trammels of their own imperfections. Like children we all of us err, and have to pay the price. But surely this is not the lot of God! If anything is plain, it is that God must be "above the battle," pitying men in his infinite mercy, and guarding those sanctities of life and love which without him must perish in the strife of arms.

VI

The British Eighth Army, the spearhead of attack in North Africa and in Sicily, is the outstanding military unit in this war. It brings to mind certain other great units in history. There was Xenophon's Ten Thousand, for example—that heroic band who made their way from Persia to the sea. I recall, as Miles Standish did in Longfellow's familiar poem, "the immortal Twelfth Legion" of Julius Caesar. Then there was Napoleon's incomparable Imperial Guard. In our own history, most notable, perhaps, was the famous Second Corps in the Army of the Potomac in the Civil War. In surveying these military units, we find in each case an outstanding instance of discipline, morale, courage, and unbeatable resolution. They were not always victorious. The Twelfth Legion, on a certain notable occasion, came within an ace of defeat. The Imperial Guard was broken at Waterloo. The Second Corps was driven back in retreat at Ream's Station. But in spirit these soldiers were unconquerable, as the Eighth Army was unconquerable even when giving ground to Rommel. If there is any one factor more than another which may explain these armies, it is leadership. In each case the leader dominates and inspires the men. Thus, Xenophon was a great captain, and his Ten Thousand the incarnation of his spirit. The Twelfth Legion had its own officers, but in the hour of crisis Caesar put himself at the head of these soldiers whom he trusted most. The Imperial Guard, both in the Russian campaign and at Waterloo, was led by Ney—not the greatest of Napoleon's marshals, like Dessaix or Davout, but the one possessed by an *elan vital* which was like a kindling flame. The Second Corps was commanded by General Winfield Scott Hancock, fittingly called "the Superb," whose name, says Grant, "was never mentioned as having committed a blunder for which he was responsible." This same thing seems now to be true of the British Eighth Army, the fame of which is fast bound to that of its commander, General Montgomery. Here is the outstanding military figure of this war, as inseparable in achievement from his men as his men are inseparable from him. This is the final answer, it seems to me, to the riddle discussed by Professor Sidney Hook, in his book just recently published, *The Hero in History*. It is the old question of personality in relation to events. "Are men mere chips on the wave of events, or can great individuals shape the course of their times?" Men are not mere chips, but influences of direct and potent force. Leadership counts. Whether it be on the field of battle, or in the chambers of counsel, or in the arena of ethics and religion, the great man SHOWS the way.

Jottings

Here is a pertinent word from Professor R. H. Tawney, in the Manchester *Guardian:*

> The problem of our day is not the breakdown of Christianity. It is the breakdown of the secular culture which was hailed as an improvement on it.

Amusing things in this war are few and far between, but one certainly is the way Joseph Stalin plays ducks and drakes with Roosevelt, Churchill and Company. Yet is the confusion of the Allied statesmen more pathetic than it is comic, and the prospect for mankind a sinister one.

The *New Yorker,* largely supported by liquor ads., and largely read by a liquor-consuming clientele, is discouraged by the liquor situation. While stating that plenty of booze can still be had in the metropolis, it goes on mournfully to confess that "Nationally the liquor outlook is dreary, with some regions practically dried up and others subject to rationing." This makes me more cheerful than anything that I have read in a long time. Let's extend those "dried up" regions, till all the land is dry!

A modern version of the ghost of Banquo! The Republican assembly at Mackinac Island last month, with Wendell Willkie absent!

Samuel Grafton, in his recently published *An American Diary,* says:

> The plain people of the world have a capacity for confusion but not for betrayal. There has never been a mass Machiavelli. The scoundrel is always the individual, the shameful decisions are taken by men and not by nations.

This doctrine is a million miles removed from the Marxian "economic determinism" theory. But it contains essential truth. In war, for example, as in murder, *cherchez l'homme!*

There seems to be at least one romantic figure in every war. Beatty was the man in the last war. I wonder if Mountbatten is destined to be the man in this war.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

What a Liberal Church Might Be

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

A minister of a liberal church stands in his pulpit shorn of all authority. He can proclaim but not insist. He can appeal but not compel. His message has meaning to his hearers only as its inherent truth is recognized by them. He is devoid of all ritualistic trappings. It is true that some liberal ministers, appalled by the absence of external support, have developed an imitation ritual which, having no historic meaning, can have no other appeal than that which goes with any imitation. This calls to mind an incident which occurred years ago on a New York dock. An Irish workman saw an Episcopal clergyman approaching. He started to raise his hand in respectful salute but resisted the impulse. A Catholic priest was following the clergyman. The priest said to the workman, "You thought that he was a priest." The reply was, "Yes Father, but you must admit that he was a good imitation."

The one thing a liberal minister must have is a hearing, a congregation. This means persons who, knowing that he is without authority to compel their attendance, are willing that he shall speak the truth as he sees it and not as they see it. Persons who find in a fellowship of free, seeking minds something deeper and richer than they can find in an authoritarian religion.

In such a situation the minister is a symbol of the highest aspirations of the human soul. Such a combination of speaker and hearers means the attainment of a breadth of mind and depth of sympathy that lifts both to a high level, a level so high that I am frank to say that few—either ministers or laymen—have ever fully attained it. But it is the ideal that in so far as it is attained gives meaning to a liberal church. And when, either because of the arrogance of the minister or narrowness and pettiness of the hearers, this ideal is violated it does not in the least affect its validity or release anyone from striving for its realization. A one-time member of my church said that the church, meaning some members of it, had failed to live up to this ideal. Because of this he refused to continue his membership. He failed to see that he claimed perfection in himself and demanded it in others. His attitude, if persisted in by all, would make of course impossible any attempt to attain the ideal.

I am well aware that the matter is not as simple as I have put it. Life is a very complex affair. Motives for action are not always plain. But on the whole I have, I think, stated fairly the basic principle on which a liberal church must rest if it is to have any reason for existence. The whole matter can be illustrated in the attitude of two former members of my church. One was objecting to my reference to an economic subject, which I had used as an illustration. The other replied, "We do not expect our minister to say just what we want to hear. We ask him to say what he thinks is the truth." I am sorry to add that my critic was not satisfied with the reply. So he walked with us no more. Another man was very happy to be with us as long as I talked on literary and philosophical subjects. But when I spoke on subjects related to the lives of men and women, who are members of a group not usually found in a liberal church, he said, "I do not agree with you," and left the church.

This liberal ideal, "the highest that ever issued from the mind of man," is essentially a religious ideal. The statement printed as an introduction to pamphlets of the American Unitarian Association is a clear statement of the basis of religious liberalism:

> The Unitarian Fellowship is dedicated to the progressive transformation and enrichment of individual and social life through religion, in accordance with advancing knowledge and the growing vision of mankind.
>
> Bound by this common purpose and committed to freedom of belief, Unitarians hold in unity of spirit a diversity of convictions.
>
> These pamphlets, representing free inquiry and varying opinions, are issued to promote the purpose of the Fellowship.

I have spoken of this as an ideal. It is also a challenge. I am far from affirming that all churches which bear the name liberal have attained it. I assume that not one has fully done so. But I wish to say parenthetically that in most cases where the freedom of the pulpit seems to have been involved it has been the arrogance of the minister that caused the difficulty. The minister of a liberal church may be at times a prophet but he is primarily a teacher. The teacher cannot condemn his pupils if they do not understand that two plus two makes four. He may regret the slowness of their minds but he cannot as a liberal minister call them fools.

In short, what I have described is a balance, obtained by generosity, good will, patience, and above all wisdom. The lack of any of these qualities may easily upset the apple cart. And further we must understand that everyone in such a fellowship must decide for himself what is vitally important and what is not. When a minister raises minor or trivial matters to the level of a principle he makes his situation very difficult. When a principle is involved there can be no "give and take." When a real principle is involved every one must decide for himself how far he can go in support of the liberal ideal. If he can go all of the way, he is loyal to the principle of unity in diversity.

I have set forth the ideal of a liberal church. I now want to state what it involves on the part of both minister and people. To do this I will describe what to me would be an ideal church. But before we have this ideal church, in imagination, we must have a minister. He must be, human nature being what it is, a person of marvelous memory. After an introduction, even at the close of a service, he must never fail to recognize the person introduced, at any time or place. He may fail once but if he does twice, it is just too bad. He must be generous but not too generous or he will be called a spendthrift. He must be kindly and self-controlled at all times and under every kind of provocation. He must never say damn except in its strictly ecclesiastical sense. He must be patient to the nth degree. He must be wise but not too wise. He must be loyal to his convictions and yet offend no one. He must teach without preaching; no one likes to be preached at. He must be appreciative of what he gets, and forgetful of his wants. In short, he must be "all things to all men" and yet "to himself be true"; that perfect man who never was on land or sea, and we must not forget that this ideal minister must have an ideal "minister's wife" whose capacity for sympathy, understanding, and self-effacement is unlimited.

And having installed this imaginary minister, who is always sought after by churches and never found, I will describe his church. It is hard for many to realize what is implicitly implied by their association with a liberal church. I fear many have only the dimmest conception of it. I have said that the liberal ideal is the highest that ever emerged from the mind of man. When one really sees it, it is so high, so deep, and so broad that one stands in its presence with a feeling of reverence, humility, and awe.

Toynbee, in his study of civilizations, says that the Greeks faced two facts, the significance of which they failed to realize. One was the ideal of democracy. The other was the existence of commerce. Both of these are a denial of national boundary lines. But the Greek City States fought to their death to preserve their boundary lines. They refused to accept what was implied in democracy and commerce. Both of these are concerned with individuals. It was this denial that caused the destruction of these Greek States.

Religion also is a personal matter. It is concerned fundamentally with the individual. He who attempts to stand between the individual man and God denies this. All authoritarian churches, no matter how loudly they proclaim the worth of the individual, deny what they profess, and religious organization which is based on dogma or creed denies religion. All organization in the name of religion which claims to have a special revelation shuts out all who can not accept the revelation. From the point of view of liberal religion there is no high or low, no rich or poor, no learned or unlearned, no creed or dogma, no color or race. This is a recognition that the individual man stands as the supreme manifestation of the Creative Process. No one can impose on any other man his creed. Every man must make his own creed. This is a complete recognition of the worth of the individual.

It follows then that in an ideal church there can be no barriers of any kind raised against any son of man; no barriers of race, caste, color, or creed. A few years ago a group of enthusiastic young people associated themselves with what professed to be a liberal church. They were a great encouragement to the minister. Shortly after this a well educated and distinctly cultivated colored man came into the church. The young people were kindly and hospitable toward him. When the budget for the year was being raised the colored man received a pledge card which he filled out with a subscription to the church. He gave it to a member of the finance committee. She looked at it and then returned it, saying, "We do not care for your contribution." This was a complete denial of the ideal of a liberal church. It is no wonder that the young people thought that they had made a mistake. For this was a distinct failure to recognize what is implied in liberal religion. In an ideal church this colored man would find a real fellowship.

Having abolished the color line, this ideal church would have no taint of caste. No one could possibly accuse it of being a pharisaic group of middle-class folk. Years ago a family which had had very little cultural opportunity came among us and the problem of caste immediately arose. They did not fit into an upper middle-class group. They were received but the greeting was neither cordial nor friendly. There was this imponderable thing called caste that denied the liberal ideal. In the church I am describing there would be no hint of caste.

Years ago an Armenian joined a New England church. The church people put up with him. But it was one thing to send missionaries to Armenia and another thing having an Armenian in the church. He died shortly afterwards and then he entered posthu-

mously into its fellowship. This Armenian working man had invented a machine which sold. He left twenty thousand dollars to the church. The surprised members placed his picture on the wall of the social room. In an ideal church he would have found a living fellowship.

Into the church of my dreams there would come all sorts and conditions of men, and its doors would be open as wide for ideas as for men. It would provide a platform for the discussion of all good causes, popular or unpopular. As a church seeking to promote the good life for all, it would as an organization espouse no cause. But the members, each in his or her own way, would find the cause that appealed.

The church of my heart would be a center of light, energy, and hope within the community. Holding that every man must think his own thoughts and do his own deeds, it would be a fellowship of seekers and doers. In such freedom, the most beautiful and sacred of fellowships would exist.

The outstanding characteristic of the members of this church would be the possession of a high sense of loyalty and responsibility. They would be devoted to the ideal of liberal religion.

I heard years ago of a man who was asked to make a business appointment at eleven on Sunday morning. He replied, "I have an important engagement at that hour." "With whom?" inquired his friend. "With God," was the reply. The members of the church I am describing might not use the same words but they would give essentially the same answer. They would know that ideals without action are meaningless and that fellowship is not a game of solitaire. They would realize that they had assumed a definite responsibility.

I recognize that this ideal has never found complete expression in any church. And yet there are churches in which the liberal ideal finds expression. So long as its members and minister strive to attain it, the ideal gives to the organization meaning and vitality. It is the only church that many people can accept as a religious organization.

The free mind does not want even the shadow of a creed. The free mind wants to pursue truth wherever it may lead. The free mind finds in a fellowship of free minds an inspiration which supersedes any found in a group that has captured "the Truth."

I have remained a Unitarian minister because of this ideal. It is one that is rooted in human experience. The fact that at times some Unitarians deny it does not affect its validity. So long as it is "the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night" it will give a reason for the existence of any church which follows it.

Such a church is not founded on a rock but on the realities of human experience. This vision, born centuries ago, lives not in temples made of stone but in the temples of the human heart.

Mutual Aid or Mutual Destruction

DAVID JOBMAN

Western civilization has reached its crucial terminus, facing the crossroads where momentous decisions affecting the lives of our own children as well as the fate of untold generations yet unborn must be made. After this terrible awakening from a farcical delusion of security and immunity, with a panorama of its horrible devastations, what shall be our world of tomorrow, how is the repetition of such suicidal mistakes to be averted in the future, who will do it? Ours is a world of harsh, cruel realism, and the correct answers cannot be sought in the illusionary dreams of impractical dreamers for the obvious reason that, as has been told so many times before, the Aladdin lamp method of solving international disputes is of little concern to those in authority who are to stake the destinies of mankind for centuries to come. Out of this ordeal of destruction staged by the dictators and aggressors and their mad irresponsible war lords, there must arise the united free will of a common humanity determined to make all future war and desolation impossible. That aroused human free will must lay the foundations of a world order where all men will be free from servitude, free from all physical and moral subjection, free from narrow-minded prejudices which plague and demoralize the human race. This global war, an "avalanche of fire and steel," with its "hideous and ruthless cruelty, reprisals, and massacres," must and can be made the final unhappy chapter dealing with the annals of modern times. Since man has proved himself so skillfully and heroically master of his own damnation and destruction, why not prove himself equal to the task of becoming master of his own salvation? Lives of men and nations are made and unmade by the designs and strong will of mortal humanity. The fate and very existence of our children and the world of tomorrow hang upon the designs and will of our present great leaders who are setting the stage for most of those human events to come—mutual aid or mutual destruction, which shall it be? After all is said, nothing really matters and nothing is unchangeable, as Jefferson insisted, but the inherent and unalienable rights of man.

The real supreme moral tragedy of our age is the inability of the world's responsible leadership in all walks of life to see how life has been divorced from faith, with the church too often conveniently silent, or perched securely on the wrong and ungodly side of the social and political fence. Confession, a great American jurist reminds us, is a necessary act of spiritual therapy. By knowing and correcting today the errors of yesterday we make it possible for a better and brighter order tomorrow. To make good all the fine things now promised, the spiritual leaders and statesmen at the forthcoming peace conference must forego the ill-nourished, centuries-old shortsighted policies and practices which feed the "tendency of the human mind to advance plausible reasons to support its prejudices." Our children on the fields of battle and upon high sea and those innocent generations to follow have a right to expect, to demand, and to inherit a world where life, security, freedom, and a humaner civilization can thrive without those periodic eruptions of bitterness and savage strife which burden heavily the better calling of man, if not actually labelling it a bluff, a mockery. And it is here where the great opportunity, if not the very duty, of a living church and press calls to help our chosen leaders to outflank all the afflictions of a world that has seen and felt the scourge of bigotry in power and actually gone through the depressing regimenta-

tions of centralized tyrannies, so shamelessly betrayed by the Fascist and Nazi impostors and executioners.

In bare outline and as an index, the world of tomorrow must be a world with less isms and with more unity, with less bias and bigotry and more sympathetic understanding, with less self-centered vainglory and greed and more open-heartedness and good will, with less restrictions and more opportunities to glorify men and women with dignity and honor, irrespective of color, creed, or national and group allegiance and origin. The public forum, the free press, and the fearless pulpit that adorns the smallest community—each and all must freely pull together for the good of our own country as well as for the universal good, thus becoming the actual harbingers of national stability, individual and collective prosperity, and abiding world peace. In this post-war world, now in the making with the very blood and tears and sweat of all humanity, technical progress and human skill must never again be allowed to become "a screen for bestiality."

The church of tomorrow, like the world of tomorrow, must then radiate a common fellowship for good by embracing the best there is in each old creed, dedicated anew and with more practical devotion to the services of a humanized and happier unified civilization. That living church of tomorrow must have full vital meaning as well as beautiful form. It must teach, without reservations, the unity of mankind, the sacredness of all decent life, the beauty of all human individuality, the glory of all free human unfoldment, in body as well as in spirit. As men are constituted, it is undeniable that the post-war world will see the upsurge of a universal religion embracing the basic truths of all nobler faiths. But that religion can only be one that is completely human; it must be practical for all humanity; something that warms the heart and clears the mind. The church of tomorrow dedicated to the living faith of a progressive world of tomorrow has a job to perform. It must build character and honor to be far mightier than all the Maginot and Mareth Lines and fortresses put together. It must teach the dynamic credo of mutual understanding and mutual aid, which leaders of political parties and heads of states the world over have so woefully persisted in neglecting. Self-centered ecclesiastical isolation and wishy-washy sentimentalism will have to give way to constructive world-wide humanitarianism. Of course, we cannot and must not all be alike, for most of us assuredly would not care by choice to live in a world where everybody believes and performs alike. But all our symbols of creeds must be weighed by the realities of deeds as dictated by the vital needs of aspiring men and women, to be rated accordingly by those mutual and common advantages derived in the spirit of friendship and service.

Old as he is in years, that "moral gadfly," the incorrigible George Bernard Shaw, speaks the minds of our fighting and dying youth when, on the occasion of his eighty-seventh birthday, he expressed his mature conviction in these most significant words which carry a warning, lest history repeat itself. Says the oracle: "I am tired of hearing politicians, editors, and voters shouting without understanding what they are shouting about." Our civilization is dead tired of empty shoutings and mere promises, to be forgotten if not betrayed at the first test. The new order that men are dying for is still well hidden in its chrysalis, germinating its finer fibres within the hearts and aspirations of an inarticulate humanity. The fighting men and women of today have learned a lesson, even before they have won the military victory that will permit a new and saner life. The illusion of security by force only, by secret covenants and shameful appeasement, has been exploded with the Munich betrayal and the ruins of a world still ablaze from the incendiaries of the world's greatest criminals and aggressors. The methods of the jungle and the teachings of Machiavelli have been tried and found wanting. The turn has come for the universal application of the methods of reason, of common decency, of a humane approach to the solution of problems of common concern and cooperation. For the past three thousand years of recorded history, men have been fighting wars and winning battles only to discover on the day following the victory that they have again lost the peace. Why? It is simply because the ungarnished truth reveals that the leaders of men have been morally unfit, morally unprepared, for a social life where true justice and true equality of universal opportunity can take root and blossom to full fruition. And the preacher, the editor, the school teacher and the statesman carry together their equal share of guilt, by their very silence and neglect, if not by agreement. The necessary corollary is that the era of peace and whole-hearted cooperation between all the peoples of the earth must begin now from the top down, for it has always been imbedded at the bottom in the hearts of the world's common humanity. It is now up to the public leaders themselves in all walks of life to set their own hearts in moral order and to learn that peace and security, at home and abroad, become a reality when men and nations know "how to disagree agreeably" by discarding all self-centered isms save one—Human-ism.

There is aglare that ominous lesson of yesterday with its fearful writings upon the walls of history. Impatiently discarding all empty-handed promises the generation which went through the inferno of the first world war, bitterly and blindly donned the black and brown tunics, pledged allegiance to madmen's ideologies, and goose-stepped to self-destruction by following the megalomaniacs in the shambles of a second world war.

With intelligent foresight and humanitarian statesmanship breeding universal agreement, confidence, integrity, and good will, the victorious United Nations must and will plan and see to it that the generation which has blasted to destruction mankind's most baneful tyrannies, through the heroic sacrifices of this global struggle, shall be spared the agonies of disillusionment and despair. These modern crusaders have a right to find, upon their return from the battlefields and seven seas, a saner world order under law, where peace, decency, security and human honor reign supreme.

Only by practicing at home and abroad what we preach and by actually making it possible for a humaner world order to take root can democracy and faith be fully and truthfully vindicated, for only then shall this generation be able to say with a clear conscience that in addition to our other hardships and sacrifices our sacred and heroic dead "shall not have died in vain."

"This Nation will survive, this State will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and oppression have made the wrecks in the world."

William Allen White—1922.

Walt Whitman: His Vital Place in Our Life Today

LEONARD B. GRAY

Walt Whitman said that he was a candidate for the future and he has won his candidacy.

In 1865 a petty official discovered that Whitman was the author of the notorious *Leaves of Grass* and straightway dismissed our poet from his clerkship in the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C.

On May 28, 1884, a man wrote this slow winner of fame, from Boston, "I find a solid line of enemies to you everywhere."

With the possible exception of Wordsworth, no poet of the English speaking world was so much misunderstood and scorned in his lifetime as Whitman. But the English poet, in being honored by universities, made poet laureate of England, and generally recognized as his country's greatest poet during the later years of his life, had satisfactions that the American never knew. The latter, despite a growing recognition in Europe after the Civil War and a handful of staunch admirers in his own country, felt the whip of widespread enmity and ridicule up until his death in 1892.

Oh history! What strange things you do to the reputations of men! Those poets of the New England school, talented and sincere and worthy, tremendously popular in Whitman's day, bitter and scornful towards this poet, you no longer regard as major, while today you are naming this altogether original and authentic voice our most representative American poet and recognizing him as the great poet of democracy and of universal humanity. In *America,* a volume of typical American poems, stories, and addresses, Whitman has two poems and two prose pieces, and is quoted three times and praised two times in one of the best addresses in the book. A recent anthology gives him seventy-four pages, more than twice the number given to any other American poet. For a long time a popular radio program was introduced by a quotation from this poet. Indeed, he has gone beyond "the few fit minds" whose appreciation, Bliss Perry said, he would always win, out to a popular and vital place in the American heart and mind. Surely one could entertain no fonder wish than that this belatedly recognized poet might look from some heaven and see the laurels of praise and love now bestowed upon him.

There is no formal and prescribed preparation for a poet and not to any large extent can we explain him from his early life. But it seems to us that Whitman had about the best early environments and ways of life, despite much that they lacked, for preparing him for the writing of his peculiar poetry.

At West Hills, Long Island, where our poet was born May 31, 1819, his home life was rural and simple. The boy was a sturdy, jolly, Dutch baby with blue eyes, unusually fair skin, and hair black as tar. Walt was four when the family migrated to Brooklyn. The active youngster was fond of sports, especially of gathering sea-gulls' eggs in summer. When the New York crowds greeted Lafayette on his triumphal tour of America in 1824, this boy who was to write some of our best songs of liberty pushed himself to the foreground and received the thrill of being picked up by the great liberator. He grew rapidly. At fifteen he was nearly a man in height and physical vigor. With scant schooling, he left school forever at eighteen and yet, with his scant schooling, taught school quite successfully for a time.

What were the factors that moulded and shaped this youth into the man of whom John Burroughs wrote, "he had all types of men in him; there was not one left out," and into the poet of such rich humanity and wide range? In addition to "the inexplainable" that made him, we believe that there were three main factors.

First, he early became, in his own words, "a caresser of life." How passionately fond of all types of people he was! How freely and joyously he laid himself open to life from all sources! Unrestrained in quest for life, in pattern of life, in feeling, he felt inspired and intoxicated by the varied and adventurous life around him, sounded all the experiences of life, all the passions, pleasures, and abandonments as few men have. The range of his interests and enjoyments ran all the way from the exciting life of the printing office which he knew as setter of type and editor to the opera where he heard most of the great Italian singers of his day.

Alive, sensitive, impressionable, receptive with every pore of his skin, he literally soaked himself with the many-sided life of his beloved Manhattan. Like the great Henry Ward Beecher, one of the few preachers he listened to and admired, this "caresser of life" went about everywhere and anywhere that his inquisitive mind led, talked with working men in shops and factories, frequented wharves and pilot-houses on ferry boats, liked the spicy speech of ready-tongued cab drivers, and was at home in all circumstances. Especially he loved ships, and a ship under full sail and a desire to describe her exactly as she seemed to him gave him, he said, his first impulse to write. Eagerly he was out for life, and yet he went about with a leisurely saunter that enabled him to absorb much more than the hustler. Was there ever such a "caresser of life"?

The second great factor in the making of Whitman was the nourishment that the out-of-door world gave his imaginative and romantic nature. How tremulously sensitive he was to the natural beauty and wonder of the landscape! Like the young Wordsworth, he was in his rare capacity to be stirred and lifted by nature. What glorious days he had on the lonely, sweeping beaches of Long Island where he would go now and then for more than a week at a stretch. There he would bathe, run, and sing to the wind. And then for hours, lying on the sand, he would watch the sea and sky, nurse his soul in solitude, read, and recite.

This brings us to the third shaping influence, his acquaintance with great literature largely made on these visits to the then unfrequented beaches. There alone he fed his mind and spirit on the Old and New Testaments, Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Ossian the favourite poet of Thomas Jefferson, the ancient Hindu poems, and Shakespeare—not enough to make him a bookworm which his love for people and the exciting life of the city would prevent anyway, but enough to give the impression throughout his life that he was acquainted with the best that had been thought and written.

And so drifting about the city, working at odd jobs, paying a visit to New Orleans that gave him a larger vision of the American republic, and always absorbing without any conscious purpose, the young man pre-

pared himself for writing a poetry that was to express the whole personality of man and the America of a new day of science and democracy as no other poetry has done. And the result, *Leaves of Grass*, which must have had a long background said Emerson, in 1855 when the poet was thirty-six!

How strenuous, physically and emotionally, the poet's life in Washington during the Civil War! So strenuous that it broke his health and did much to bring on a paralytic stroke. How compassionate and devoted his services to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals! And there was his growing love for Lincoln whom he called "the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands." And out of his intense experiences of those years burst his great war poetry such as "Drum Beats," and the even greater "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." If this is not poetry, it is something greater than poetry. "Why did I live so long without reading it?", said a woman recently.

"Who touches my book, touches a man," said Whitman. And what a man! What a man behind and in his poetry! Some time in his early thirties he cast off his debonair air, frock coat, and cane for his famous pose, a poet in workman's clothes, left hand thrust in trousers' pocket, right hand resting easily upon the hip, button of flannel shirt open, black slouch hat and leathern breeches, appearing in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*.

It is evident from numerous accounts of those who knew him that our poet possessed a rare capacity to make people love him and that he made an inexplainably powerful and fascinating impression upon most persons who met him. He simply intoxicated some visitors. Thoreau, slow to praise, said after first meeting him, "Something a little more than human." John Burroughs, who became one of his closest friends, instantly knew that he was meeting an altogether new type of man and thinker. Others came away from the poet feeling that life henceforth must be forever different and finer for them. What beauty and majesty of person, what rare humanness and graciousness, what tolerance and yearning love towards all people, what look of candor and infinite contentment, many thought as they came away with the strange spell of the man upon them! He seemed to lift them, even as his poetry lifts its readers, into an upper air where there is nothing small, mean, petty, and sordid. Whitman, the man, was indeed vast as the earth, a universal soul, greater than his great poetry.

And yet there remains for us to give deeper reasons for the strong likelihood that Walt Whitman will endure as one of the major poets of history, and particularly for his vital place in our life today. The main reason, we feel convinced, can be nothing but the fact that to an intensity and completeness that few poets have attained he identified himself and his poems with countless things that are precious and deathless—the unending miracles of the seasons, the sunlight and starlight of overarching heavens, the unshakable orders in the physical and moral universes, the divine nature of man, the needs and aspirations of the common people, democracy and freedom, the independence and union and destiny of these United States.

A brilliant writer may gain a wide and short-lived attention in many ways, but authentic and enduring literature cannot be produced without the author's first-hand and vital emotional relation with the living world. Great literature does not come from the second-hand experiences of the literary élite, of the attendants at book clubs and literary teas, of those who try to keep up on the best books and play the game "have you read this and that," valuable as such literary meetings and efforts are likely to be. No! Great literature comes from living close to the roots of life and from emotional identification, often by the aid of toil and sweat and tears, with the elemental passions and struggles and needs of the common people. Did not Emerson have it about right when he claimed that lack of manual labor and few primary relations with nature on the part of literary men partly account for the effeminacy and unreality in the works of these writers? Authentic literature does not smack and smell of the library and lecture room, but rather it is full of the pulse-beat and savor of the everyday life of the people. It comes from the Wordsworths so intoxicated with nature that they become nervously worn out at times, from the aristocratic Tolstois who work in their own fields with their serfs, from the cultivated Emersons who see the artificiality in many cultivated people, from the Thoreaus who hoe their own beans, from the Robert Burnses and Robert Frosts who toil with their own hands to wrest a living from the soil, and from the Walt Whitmans who identify themselves, at times by the aid of carpentry and printing, and always with sympathetic understanding, with the lives of their fellow men.

How intimately our poet walked with "the tender and growing night"! Once, he said, he left the astronomer's lecture to go out and look up at the stars. The substantial words, he found, were not in books but in the ground, the sea, and the air, and in people. Books, with the exception of the great books, he knew, come between us and realities. No need for him to ask how the wounded soldier felt; he himself became the wounded man. And he became the hounded slave that winced at the bite of the dogs. Becoming one with nature and humanity, Whitman felt the fundamental and eternal experiences of man, and so he reported these experiences not as one who observed them, but rather as one who repeated them. And this is why he permanently holds the interest and affection of mankind.

In addition to this all-important reason for his enduring power, Whitman deepens and enlarges his place in our American life today because he voiced those very values, ideals, and hopes upon which this war has moved most of us to put increased stress and importance. He becomes our best poetic interpreter and promoter of the values of liberal religion and of the political and social ideals of the American people in these days when these values and ideals are so seriously threatened. With what heroic ecstasy this prophet-poet sang the greatness of the common man, the infinite possibilities of goodness and growth in people, and the unborn deeds of a promising America! How strongly did this lover of man set forth his belief in the worth of the individual person and in the main purpose of the modern democratic state in these dynamic lines:

> I swear nothing is good to me now
> That ignores individuals,
> The American compact is
> Altogether with individuals.

With what great power did this writer of strong poetry throw his pen against all that deprived the average man of freedom and the pursuit of happiness, against artificial barriers that confined and frustrated and hurt the human spirit! He wrote not for the sake of art, but only for the good of the masses and the enrichment of the common life. He is the poet of vista,

faith, optimism, and encouragement. He is not the poet for those who would escape life. He is the poet for those of sturdy and realistic temper who want to stand up to life. Such persons hungrily go to him for faith in themselves, for faith in the worth of life, and for on-going power. For these he intensifies and animates life, opens doors, and flings out vast horizons of accomplishment and hope. His healthy-mindedness is a tonic.

With Whitman we hate war, and yet he helps us to sink our own sensibilities, as he sunk his, for the larger good of the nation and of humanity. And he cries out for us just now, even louder than he cried during the Civil War, "Thunder on! Stride on, Democracy! Strike with vengeful stroke!" What a bolster to our morale, in these severe and difficult days, to cry with his robust and exultant faith this great line of his, "Liberty! let others despair of you! I never despair of you!"

Whitman represents us. He voices for us the deep and eternal yearnings of the human spirit, especially the unconquerable values and hopes of the American people. For this reason we need him now. For this reason we go to him and find him a tower of strength.

Editorial Writers as Hessians

VICTOR S. YARROS

Several years ago Walter Duranty wrote a book of recollections and impressions under the somewhat enigmatic title, *I Write as I Please*. One implication was that not all newspaper correspondents write as they please. Of course, any able, experienced, self-respecting journalist will not write falsehoods just to please his editor or publisher. But there are such things as emphasis, tone, proportion, in dispatches, reports, comments, and interpretations of events and occurrences. Few foreign correspondents can afford to disregard or flout the prejudices of their respective editors. There are degrees of independence, and consciences are elastic. It is human to wish to please the boss who pays your salary and has the power to increase it if he particularly likes your work.

However, this piece is written to call attention not to foreign correspondents as a group, most of whom have reputations, but to the little known, or wholly obscure and unknown, writers of editorial articles. The editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper may or may not write for his editorial columns. He is too busy, as a rule, to write much, and he has assistants, men and women supposed to be qualified by education, native talent, and experience, to write what the British call "leaders" on political, economic, ethical, and miscellaneous topics. There are several thousand editorial writers in this country, and only a few of them have achieved fame. The great majority, when they retire or die, remain "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Editorial writers must, then, have "a passion for anonymity," like some of President Roosevelt's personal secretaries. They are, as a rule, fairly well paid, but theirs is by no means the highest pay on a newspaper. They love their work; they take pride in it and are envied by the average reporter, desk man, feature writer, and others of the force. But their position in this country is distinctly anomalous. *They* seldom write "as they please." Many of them are content to take their ideas from the editor-in-chief, or the publisher, and supply only the manner, the style, the expression. Some seek to put a little of their own thought into the pieces they write. They feel no moral responsibility for their editorials. After all, they say, it is the paper that editorializes, and their own part is comparable to that played by the typesetter or the proofreader.

A recent and rather extreme instance of this apologetic attitude was that of the New York free lance who was accused publicly of writing isolationist editorials for one paper and interventionist editorials for another. He angrily resented the impeachment, not because it was not well-founded, but because, as he put it, he is a "professional" writer and therefore is prepared to furnish any matter desired and liberally rewarded! Moreover, he threatened libel proceedings against any critic who should presume to reflect upon his professional integrity! Clearly, to this accommodating journalist, the professional writer is a Hessian, an adventurer who cheerfully sells his skill to the highest bidder. Our irritated friend is not familiar with our libel laws. Truth is now a good defense in any libel proceeding. We have abandoned the bizarre common-law notion that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

The present writer knows a good many mature editorial writers who say frankly that when they turn out pieces dictated by their bosses, in violation of their own opinions and sentiments, they are intellectual prostitutes. They do not indulge in any sophistical justifications of their behavior. They are not happy. They blame the American practice of employing editorial writers without asking them whether they are conservatives, liberals, radicals, or revolutionists; whether they favor free trade or high protection, the single gold standard or a managed currency, economic planning, or the system of private enterprise. It is a fact that when you apply for an editorial job, you are asked what your experience has been in that field, what education you have received, and what questions you are qualified to treat with reasonable competence. You are not asked whether you share the views expressed by the paper you wish to join and adorn.

It is also a fact that in Europe the situation is very different. No writer applies for an editorial job on a paper whose policies he disapproves. No British Liberal would seek a job on a Tory paper, and no Tory would think of offering to write on politics for a Liberal newspaper. In France, each party or political group has its organs, and editorials are written by representatives of the party which any given newspaper systematically serves. Clemenceau wrote the leaders of his several papers. So did Leon Blum, and so did Jean Jaurès.

To the European journalist of any note, the American practice of employing men to write editorials to order, without any regard for the personal convictions of the writer, appears odd, anomalous and discreditable morally. It is another illustration of "American materialism and commercialism."

To be sure, some American editors have plumed themselves on the fact that they do not ask any editorial writer to say things he does not believe to be true or sound. At the editorial conference usually held in the morning, topics are discussed freely and severally

assigned to those who appear willing or anxious to handle them properly, without ifs and buts, and in accordance with the opinions of the boss. Occasionally, therefore, an editorial writer will escape the unpleasant duty of writing what he considers a wrong piece, or a piece in favor of a wrong candidate for office. But these occasions are not important in the total situation. Few care to render their jobs insecure by shirking, by dodging certain topics, by claiming exemptions and privileges. Few editorial writers like to be dubbed cranky or "difficult," no matter what the boss may say by way of reassurance. Finally, and above all, no editorial writer wants to surrender the major political topics to his colleagues and confine himself to minor editorials, or to innocuous "fillers." If you are not in full sympathy with the politics of your paper, you are not likely to be asked to comment on presidential candidates, party platforms, acceptance addresses, or legislation of moment by the party in power. The net result is that gradually you suppress your scruples, thrust aside your personal convictions, and write to suit the editor and the publisher. This does not make for peace of mind and constant joy in your work.

In a recent issue of George Seldes' weekly, *In Fact,* the following statement was contained in an article on the Press:

> One of the most amazing features of journalism in the eight years of the existence of the American Newspaper Guild is the fact that in almost every case where the press is 80 or 99 per cent for or against something, the men who write for the press are exactly on the opposite side. The press was 85 to 95 per cent against Roosevelt for President, the newspaper men 85 to 95 per cent for Roosevelt. . . . It is interesting to note that the men who write for the papers are against Hearst, McCormick, Patterson, Roy Howard, the rules of the Associated Press, Westbrook Pegler, and all labor-baiters.

This may seem too sweeping to outsiders, but the insiders find no exaggeration in the statements. The situation, to repeat, is indeed paradoxical and anomalous.

The doctrinaire will have his rough explanation—"the class struggle." The publishers and editors-in-chief are "haves," the journalists under them are "have-nots," proletarians, he will say. But this is not true. The present writer has had for colleagues in the Chicago editorial rooms sons of bakers, of newspaper business managers, of clergymen, of leading lawyers. And he knows that these editorial writers voted for Roosevelt, not for Hoover, Landon, or Willkie, whom the papers they wrote for supported militantly.

Ethically, this is hardly normal or desirable. Not all the newspaper writers need share the ideas and sentiments of their bosses, but certainly those who have to advocate policies, interpret the news, and carry on crusades ought to believe what they urge the public to believe. Sincerity and honesty in editorial writing, the moralists surely will agree, would elevate the standards of American journalism. The actual situation breeds cynicism and public contempt for the editorial page. And the editorial writers would respect themselves more and lead happier lives.

Some honored and influential magazine editors have been called the "uncles" of the editorial writers' fraternity. Might not avuncular benevolence start a quiet movement for the moralization and redemption of journalism? What a noble and liberal profession editorial writing is potentially and *could* become actually!

Trumpets on New Horizons

EDITED BY LUCIA TRENT

Fortifications

Faith
Rainbows
Its colors
In paths across
Life.

Hope
Unveiled,
Leads forward
Seeking—never
Back.

Love
Tunes both
Faith and hope
To eternal
Song.

LAUREL LAUER.

Modern Echo Reverberates

Through the evening dusk we're riding.
Traffic is crowding in glaring light,
Tuned to the chaos that fear is providing,
Calling the nations and stirring their might.

All are imprisoned by fear of the danger,
Battle news and carnage defile,
Rousing the trade of the money exchanger
Daily by every nation's guile.

Radio speaks, "From Gerald Murray
Embarking on ship with Canadian men,
Tell my mother not to worry,
Love, till I come back here again."

Strangers feel that silent grieving;
Moving in traffic and street-light gloss,
Hear the voice for Mary's relieving
High on that other man-made cross.

MABEL LARIMER.

The Will to Power

A man can love a sunset, love a child,
And still be hard as hell for neither child
Nor sunset has opposed his will to power,
The will to dominate his brother man,
The lust to rule, the cause of wars and cause
Of woes around the world. He may be kind
And even generous when not opposed
But touch his power and how the snarling beast
Within at once appears.

LEE SPENCER.

The Study Table

America!

WESTERN STAR. *By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.00.*

PRIMER FOR AMERICA. *By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.*

COME IN AND OTHER POEMS. *By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.*

It is always an exciting experience to witness the publication of a book destined to a permanent place in the proud anthology of our American literature. We had that experience some years ago, when Stephen Vincent Benét produced his tremendous epic of the Civil War, *John Brown's Body.* Now we have it again in the appearance of *Western Star,* the last work which we shall receive from the inspired pen of this great poet. Some years before his death, Benét had planned another epic—a narrative of the settlement and continental expansion of this country. It was to run to several books, all set to the text, "Americans are always moving on." But this book, *Western Star,* was the only one finished when the author so suddenly passed away. It is a fragment, however, happily complete within itself. Like Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," it has its own integrity—and glory.

The two poles of this poem are the two early American settlements—Jamestown (1607) and Plymouth (1620).

> There was a wind over England, and it blew.
> A west wind, the wind of a western star,
> To gather men's lives like pollen, and cast them forth.

It was a various wind—a mercenary one that blew toward Virginia, a religious one that blew toward Massachusetts. Dickon Heron, the London apprentice, felt the one; Matthew Lanyard, the Puritan carpenter, felt the other. Around the heroic life stories of these two so different men, Benét weaves the pattern of his two-fold tale of what made America, and how it all fell out in those early days. Famous historical figures appear in these pages—Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Smyth, Captain John Smith, William Bradford, Miles Standish—but it is the common men and women, symbolized by Dickon and Matthew, who are the real heroes of the tale. The surging life of Elizabethan and early Stuart days in old England gives the background of the narrative, while in the foreground are the sea, the sky, the forest-clad shores of the new world, the redskins, the blasting winter, the burning summer, life and death in the primitive wrestling with the earth. It is a superb pageant, dark with tragedy, but shining always in sheer glory.

Western Star, like its great predecessor, *John Brown's Body,* has amazing variety of form. It moves easily from blank verse to rhyming couplets and rough free verse. It contains a rollicking song or two, at least one thrilling ballad, and a Puritan hymn to lift the heart. The narrative is always rich in color—more so in the Jamestown passages, I think, than in the Plymouth. It moves swiftly and excitedly to stirring climaxes. And always there is the passion of America—of this incredible country which is the epitome of this modern age, and the prophecy of mankind's future upon this earth if we be but true to the tradition of our fathers. There is no question as to the classic character of this book. It will live, if America lives.

Coffin's book is not in the same class with Benét's—it does not pretend to be! But the same spirit is in it—the same devotion to this land of pioneers, the same joy in our folk-lore and history, the same confidence in our future as a nation of brave, free men. In a Foreword which is sheer joy, Coffin pours out his contempt for the "smart intellectuals" who in recent years "have been debunking us and running America down as a place without soul, distinction, or folk-lore, when all the time we had colors on us like a young rainbow and about the richest mythology that ever sprang from men with dirt on their hands from planting seeds in the wilderness." Enough of this, cries Coffin! Let's sing America—her heroes, her battles, her victories, her crops and fruits, her pies and cakes, her myths and legends, her peoples as various as the neighborhoods of earth, all that makes this nation what she so uniquely and gloriously is. A paeon to America!

It is this which Coffin gives us in a series of more than a hundred rollicking verses. They are not to be taken too seriously as poetry. The author has dashed them off freely and roughly, just as they came. The ballad was his model, in its crudest naturalness and vigor. We might wish that he had taken more pains—especially that a tenderer note of sheer beauty had entered in, as in Burns' poems of Scotland. But for what Coffin has done so enthusiastically and devotedly we may be grateful. Let us have more of the same kind!

Robert Frost's book is a treasury, or anthology, of some eighty of his best poems, gathered by Louis Untermeyer, and put together by this accomplished editor with running commentary. Here again is America—the America especially of New England, the native landscape and the native stock. Here also is poetry—poetry that ranks Frost among the greatest of our bards, either living or dead. There is an authentic note in Frost's writings which is unmistakable. If one can own and master only one of his volumes, this is the one.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Living Philosophical Movements

TWENTIETH CENTURY PHILOSOPHY. *Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. New York: The Philosophical Library. 571 pp. $5.00.*

This excellent volume contains twenty-two essays on living schools of thought. Each essay is by a competent authority in the field treated. The various schools of thought are presented in comprehensive and comprehendible form. The result is an overall view of contemporary philosophical thought and trends.

The book is in two parts. The first deals with such general subjects as ethics, aesthetics, axiology, metaphysics, theology, and with the philosophy of law, history, science, and life. Among the contributors to this section are Tufts, Parker, Boodin, and Whitehead.

Part two deals more specifically with the prevailing school of philosophical thought. Among the contributors to this section are Russell, Santayana, Feigl, Montague, and Dewey. The chapter on Logical Empiricism by Herbert Feigl is of paramount importance and should become familiar to students who want to keep abreast of what is probably the dominant trend in present-day philosophy.

CURTIS W. REESE.

What Does "the Kingdom of God" Mean?

THE HISTORIC MISSION OF JESUS. *By C. J. Cadoux. New York: Harper and Bros. 376 pp. $3.00.*

The Vice-Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, has written a book long overdue. For several years now there has been much discussion about the term "Kingdom of God" in the Christian system. With the growth of the democratic ideal, many have thought the word "kingdom" obsolete and misleading when applied to Christian thought. Other scholars have suggested that the word "kingdom" should be rendered "realm" or "reign" of God. At last Doctor Cadoux has given an immense amount of study to formulate a constructive re-examination of the eschatological teaching in the Synoptic Gospels.

The crux of the matter lies in the eschatology of the records. The people of Jesus' time expected a Messiah to come in a supernatural manner to drive out the Romans who had extended their empire to include Palestine. We think today in terms of evolution, but, as Doctor Cadoux rightly insists, "the idea of a gradual or evolutionary betterment was certainly alien from the ancient mind." We may not think of Jesus "as a social reformer in the same sense as that which the words would suggest today." Here we are asked to pause to remember that "the corrective has been overdone." Another point to remember is that "in the matter of winning a battle or raising crops, the devout Jew did vigorously all he could, and ascribed the result, whether good or bad, to God."

Herein lies the root of the matter. To Jesus, as to the Prophets and Paul, God was absolutely supreme. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. We are "given" certain privileges and one of those is to be fellow workers, but the solution, the Kingdom, and the power are God's. This, in no way, limits the idea of the Kingdom as a social concept. It is also true, as the author insists, that the thought of the Kingdom was "in some way or other the background of all Jesus' ethical teaching." The student of cultural history will welcome this book for its sincere and scientific handling of the sources and the light they throw on one of the most controverted and important problems in modern religion.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Mormon Ideology

SACRED SCRIPTURES AND RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY, A COMPARATIVE STUDY. *By Bardella Shipp Curtis. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 320 pp. $3.00.*

I should like to recommend this volume to those readers who are interested in an authentic and readable statement of the religious philosophy and theology of the Mormons, more commonly known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It has always seemed to me that there is entirely too much unpardonable ignorance regarding Mormonism among non-Mormons, and to dispel such ignorance this book with so pretentious sounding a title may well lend itself.

The author shows wide reading, a capacity for handling ideas, and an intimate acquaintance with non-Christian, Christian, and Mormon sacred literature as also with church history and modern thinkers, writers, and poets. She discusses at some length the religious and moral ideology of Judaism and Christianity, and ends with a tempered but sturdy avowal and apotheosis of the religion founded by Joseph Smith.

Unquestionably, one of the most interesting phenomena of American civilization is that fascinating movement that arose under the leadership of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young in the second part of the last century and established its own culture and religious way of life in Utah. The story of Mormon heroism, devotion, and fidelity to the principles and practices of a sturdy pioneer faith will always arouse admiration; here we have that faith's ideology set forth in language which, where it does not become too technically "Mormon," remains simple and adequate to its main argument. For students of contemporary religious history, the book should have much attraction.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

Graphic Lyrics

MIRACLE OF FLAME. *By Pvt. Weston McDaniel. San Antonio, Texas: Carleton Printing Co. Keesler Field Gift Edition, $1.50, Second Edition, $1.25.* (Copies may be secured from Lucia Trent, Box 2032, San Antonio, Texas.)

If free verse were to require anything to establish it as an adequate medium of poetic expression, *Miracle of Flame* would supply that need. In Weston McDaniel, America has a *vers librist* of first water, whose magnificently cadenced lines, good balance and effective repetition herald his mastery of this difficult technique. We, therefore, owe a debt of gratitude to Keesler Field and the men who inspired such graphic lyrics.

Imagery that is as individual as it is vivid stars the poems with gem-like brilliancy. Only in lyrics of high poetic calibre would one find such sheer poetic loveliness as "into the blue cathedrals of heaven," such stabbing poignancy as "out of the thickets of their hearts there leaps the fawn of promise," such stark description as "while the last foe lies quivering in holes of bomb-rocked earth," such utter finality as "white flower wedged in the tangled mesh of time."

His gift for imagery is matched by his abounding sympathy. His poems have a very human slant. Not only does he extol those whose "silver pinions brush uncharted lanes" or those "lugging their cannon—scattering the seeds of defeat." He also pays well-merited tribute to the airplane mechanics, who "make of the hangars beehives of toil," to those who serve on Kitchen Police, "for these men, too, win wars," to the unsung heroes of the medical corps—"they work fervidly, while on a cold sheet where death moved close a soldier lives." Truly, these lyrics form a miniature epic, the epic of the Four Freedoms.

It is well-nigh impossible to single out poems for special mention from such a collection of lyric peaks. One might perhaps cite "Miracle of Flame," "Moment of Death," "Fire-Gardens of Terror," "Hooded from Blue Trails of Sky," and "Silver Shadows on a World of Peace" as exceptionally outstanding, the last two being prize-winners in A. S. Barnes and Co.'s recent contest, open to members of the armed forces.

Heralded by a Foreword of luminous understanding and beauty by Lucia Trent, who like all great poets has "faith in the essential MAN," and by a symbolic frontispiece by Sgt. James Tupper of Keesler Field, these twenty-one poems will prove a deathless lyric chronicle of men who "move onward, while in the lamp of the soul there burns a miracle of flame."

ETTA JOSEPHEAN MURFEY.

Indispensable Books

THE SURVIVAL OF WESTERN CULTURE. *By Ralph Tyler Flewelling. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00.*

WAR AND EDUCATION. *By Porter Sargent. Boston (11 Beacon Street): Porter Sargent. $4.00.*

These books deserve lengthier and more thorough reviews than can be given in these columns. This review is hardly more than a report that these books have been published, and that they are important. I would commend them both as indispensable to the modern mind.

Professor Flewelling's volume is a study of our Western civilization in the light of its contemporary collapse in the horror and ruin of world war. He finds distinctive in the West a sense of destiny inwrought in the great struggle for personal freedom and man's own fulfilment as an individual. In a series of masterly chapters, he shows how this individualism appeared and developed as the fruit alike of Jewish, Greek, and Christian culture. Central to the unfolding of this great idea was the conflict between Platonism with its authoritative tendencies and Aristotelianism with its libertarian tendencies. In our time has come a sudden and cataclysmic halt in what we thought to be an unbroken line of progress. Our culture is disintegrating within at the very moment it is being assailed from without. Disillusionment has overtaken us; law and morals have failed us; education and religion have betrayed us; science has led us hopelessly astray in a wilderness of superstitions and dogmatisms as dangerous as the theological superstitions and dogmatisms of centuries ago; philosophy has engulfed itself in a "quagmire" of confusion; and the best safeguards of democracy are crumbling away. How to meet this all but fatal crisis, how to reconstruct the shattered edifice of our faith, how to renew the march of progress and therewith achieve "the survival of the West," this is the secret of Professor Flewelling's book. It is a secret worth seeking.

The attack on education in Flewelling's volume is as sweeping as it is savage. Chapter XIII is as devastating a discussion of modern methods of education as I have ever read. "It must be freely admitted," he writes, "that the debacle of the noble dream of universal education is one of the most disconcerting factors in any view of the present situation."

If one wants a documentation of this indictment, one can find it in Porter Sargent's encyclopaedic volume. Nothing quite like this treatise exists in the contemporary literature of education, unless in some of Mr. Sargent's earlier writings. This book is concerned particularly with the war, and what the war is doing to our educational system in this country—and it is doing plenty! But in and through this particular subject is a survey of education itself, how we got this way, and why schools and colleges and universities capitulated to the demands of government in this war. Nothing in the entire volume is more appalling than the complete unawareness of educators as to what has long been going on in their own field, and of course in the world at large—their complete unawareness, for example, of the approaching war and its significance. The pages of this book are crowded with an almost overwhelming mass of first-hand material—news reports, quotations, citations—all accompanied by fascinating comment on the part of the author. If one has complaint, it is that this material has not been sufficiently digested, and its essence presented in due literary form. One feels as though swept by a storm which was uprooting the landscape. But as a source book of information and indictment, this work is incomparable. Mr. Sargent is as brave as he is honest and well-informed. I would like to see somebody try to answer him.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Christian Thought on War Resistance

THE HISTORIC CHURCH AND MODERN PACIFISM. *By Umphrey Lee. New York-Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 249 pp.* $2.00.

For those who believe that the authority of the New Testament and the witness of the Christian Church are either helpful or necessary in determining one's attitude towards war, this should be an interesting and important book. It gives no aid or comfort to the pacifist position, for Doctor Lee invokes the testimony of the best scholarship—ancient and modern—which the church has produced, to support his contention that in every age Christians have participated in war, and that the church has never effectively restrained or condemned them. And this goes for Jesus' own teaching. After a lengthy analysis of the evidence, Lee concludes "that Jesus left no statement on the question, at least none which has been preserved in the Gospels. This is not surprising when one remembers that he also left . . . no statement concerning the institution of private property."

The whole range of historic testimony is likewise brought under scrutiny: St. Paul, St. Augustine, monks and sectaries, the Reformation churches, Anabaptists and Quakers, the Evangelical movement, the social gospel. Lee always comes to the same conclusion. The fact that he himself is not a pacifist will weigh against him in the minds of those who are, but in fairness it must be said that he leans over backward in an effort to avoid distorting the facts.

The book should serve a useful purpose in compelling those, whose sole defense of their pacifism is the authority of Christian teaching, to re-think their position. If pacifists cannot find in the contemporary world situation, and entirely aside from what Jesus is supposed to have said on the subject, a solid basis for their position, then it is all the worse for pacifism. In giving this one point the emphasis that it deserves, the author has rendered a service just as important to Biblical exegesis as to the cause of pacifism.

EDWIN T. BUEHRER.

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